Promiſe-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

*King.* I have nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*,
Theſe words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now my Lord.
You plai'd once in the Univerſity you ſay.

*Pol.* That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

*Ham.* What did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th Capitoll,
*Brutus* kill'd me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill ſo capitall a calfe there.
Be the Players ready?

*Roſ.* I my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

*Ger.* Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

*Ham.* No good mother, here's metall more attractive.

*Pol.* O ho, doe you marke that?

*Ham.* Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?

*Ophel.* No my Lord.

*Ham.* Doe you thinke I meant Countrey matters?

*Ophel.* I thinke nothing my Lord.

*Ham.* That's a faire thought to lye between maids legs.

*Ophel.* What is my Lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Ophel.* You are merry my Lord.

*Ham.* Who I?

*Ophel.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* O God! your onely Jig-maker, what ſhould a man doe but be merry: for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two houres.

*Ophel.* Nay, 'tis twice two moneths my Lord.

*Ham.* So long! nay then let the divell weare black, for Ile have a ſute of ſables: O heavens! dye two months agoe, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live his life halfe a yeere; but berLady a muſt build Churches then, or elſe ſhall a ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horſe is forgot.

*The Trumpets ſound.* *Dumbe ſhew followes.*

*Enter a King and a Queen, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him*



*him downe upon a banke of f*
*him: anon comes in another*
*poures poiſon in the ſleepers e*
*turnes, findes the King dead*
*with ſome three or foure com*
*the dead body is carried awa*
*gifts, ſhe ſeemes harſh a whi*

*Ophel.* What meanes thi

*Ham.* Marry it is munch

*Ophel.* Belike this ſhew i

*Ham.* We ſhall know by
The Players cannot keepe, t

*Ophel.* Will a tell us wha

*Ha.* I, or any ſhew that y
to ſhew, hee'll not ſhame to

*Ophel.* You are naught,

*Prologue.* For us and fo
Here ſtooping to your clem
We begge your hearing pa

*Ham.* Is this a Prologue

*Ophel.* 'Tis briefe my L

*Ham.* As womans love.

*Enter K*

*King.* Full thirty times h
*Neptunes* ſalt waſh, and *T*
And thirty dozen Moones
About the world have twe
Since love our hearts, and
Unite commutuall in moſt

*Que.* So many journies
Make us againe count ore
But woe is me, you are ſo
So farre from cheere, and
That I diſtruſt you; yet th
Diſcomfort you my Lord
For women feare too muc
And womans feare and lo
Either none, in neither ou